



THE LAST OF THE HARVEST.

A RUSSIAN BOY SECURES A TESTAMENT.

The colporteur of the Bible Society at Tobolsk, writing of a tour made by him from Omsk to Petropavlovsk, says: 'Nowhere have I been so touched and interested as in the village of Kalatchicha, where I visited a well-to-do peasant, and found them all drinking and making merry, for it was a Russian holiday. Entering, I laid out my books on the table; the landlord was busy entertaining his guests. His son, a small boy about eight years of age, was greatly interested, and told me proudly that he attended the village school and could now read a little. He was delighted to see my books, and ran up to his father, shouting excitedly, "Hi! father; buy me a New Testament." The father, who had two bottles of vodka on the table before him, answered him harshly, "Clear out, you and your book! Impudence! Where am I to find the money to buy you a book?" The lad came back sorrowfully, and went next to his mother, who was sitting at the other end of the table, and appealed to her, now with tears in his eyes. The mother also answered him roughly, so that the little boy went out; but in a minute or two he was back, and in a sobbing tone said to his father,

"Yes, you have money for vodka, but none to buy Christ's Gospel!" The tipsy father at once rose, looked at the lad in stupid astonishment, and then very slowly beckoned to me to draw near with my books. My little pleader got his Testament; his eyes brightened and his face beamed with joy.—'Christian Herald.'

ONE EFFORT TO PRAY.

A friend of mine, the son of a most eminent Congregational minister, was visited, when a young man, by Mr. John B. Gough. The visit was made at the request of the young man's mother, who thought Mr. Gough might succeed in winning her dear son to Christ.

The great orator found the young man stuffed full of skeptical notions, impervious to argument, and, seemingly, well satisfied with himself.

Finally, Mr. Gough asked him if he would promise to make one prayer, just one, for light.

'But,' the young man replied, 'I do not know anything perfect to whom or to which I could pray.'

'How about your mother's love?' asked the orator, 'isn't that perfect? Hasn't she always stood by you, and been ready to take you in and care for you when even your father had really kicked you out?'

The young man choked with emotion, and said: 'Y-e-s, sir, that is so.'

'Then pray to love—make a prayer to love, and though that seems an abstraction, if you will kneel to-night, and do that, it will help you. I know it will,' said the old veteran to his young friend, and he added: 'Ed., will you promise?'

The young man hesitated a moment, and then faintly, but earnestly replied: 'I will.'

The young man told me the rest after this fashion: 'That night I retired to my room, and, before going to bed, kneeled down, closed my eyes, and, struggling a moment, uttered the words, "O Love!"'

Instantly, as if by lightning flash, the old Bible text came to me—'God is love—and I said, brokenly, "O God!"'

'Then another flash of divine truth, and a voice said, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son," and there, instantly, I exclaimed: "O Christ, thou incarnation of infinite divinest love, show me the light and truth!"'

That young man is to-day an eloquent, consecrated minister of Jesus Christ.

As an unbeliever, stubborn and willful, he had to do something—some little thing—some one thing. He did it, and learned, how quickly, that 'if any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine.'

'Human things must be known ere they are loved. Divine things must be loved ere they can be known.'—'Epworth Herald.'

A LITTLE RECHABITE.

A story is told of the days when the temperance movement was somewhat of a novelty. A little boy of four years old, seeing others signing the pledge, wanted to write his name too. He insisted, and with the aid of some one holding his hand, scrawled it on the paper. His father tried to explain to him its meaning, and told him the story of the Rechabites, impressing on him the verse, 'unto this day they drink none, but obey their father's commandment.' The little fellow, on being told the paper he signed was a promise to obey his father and never touch liquor, replied, 'Yes, fawver, I'll member.' Three years after he was stopping with his uncle, and a visitor who was drinking a glass of cider, offered him some. The boy twice refused, and then his uncle interposing said, 'My boy, I command you to do as the gentleman asks. You must obey me.' Rising to his feet, with flashing eyes the little seven-year-old declared, 'Unto this day they drink none, but obey their father's command, and I promised my father, and I never will.' And he didn't.